ginning with the first of June. While looking at it, it will be interesting to reflect that it is shining with dazzling

brilliance in the icy South Polar night, while there is no





This Day in Our History.

THIS is the anniversary of the death in 1885 of General Ulysses S. Grant, one of our greatest military leaders and twice President. During a long and painful illness General Grant wrote his famous memoirs, which form a wonderful history of the Civil War.

HAS MUCH TO BE THANKFUL FOR

Are You, Father and Mother, Teach-

night and no moonlight at the North Pole.

A STORY OF LOVE AND MYSTERY Harold Used To Be Away a Good Deal and When He Returned He Was Horrible to See.

Part One-(Continued)

"Gradually." so Esther continued. "I noticed a change in Harold, and It was a change for the worse. He used to be away a good deal, I don't know why, but I always thought he went to Adderley-and when he came back it was horrible to see him. You know how strong and broad he was? Well, his shoulders seemed to have failen, and he stooped like an old man.

"He shambled when he walkedas a matter of fact, he hardly ever walked, not in the garden, that is to say, as he used to do. He used to walk upa and down in his room. though—all night long. I could often hear him, for my room adjoins one of his, and the sound was most pitiful. Then his face changed oh, how terribly it changed! All the flesh seemed to leave it, and it was as if the skin was just drawn over bone. You remember Mr. Probyn, the rector of Helm? Harold's face became just like his. I begged him to see a doctor, but he always curtly refused. You see, his manner changed, too, and when he spoke— which was not often—he was quite rough. He would not allow me to have any guests in the house, and he told Dr. Fleetwood-you rememher Dr. Fleetwood? He has a prac-tice near here—he told Dr. Fleet-wood that he did not want him prying about: that was his expression Fleetwood thinks that Harold is addicted to some drug-probably

"He has contracted the drug habit." interrupted Lillian. "So much I can tell you for certain." "How do you know," Esther's voice

"I will tell you later," said Lil-"after you have finished your

"You see how lonely I am," Esther went on. "Harold has at last isola-ted himself completely. He occupies one wing of the house, and he has practically shut it off from the rest. I see him only when he gos out and returns. He takes no notice of me at all now, and does for interfere if I have anyone to see me. It is almost as if he did not know of other people's presence. He allows no one to go into his rooms, no one, at least, except his own servant. such a horrid creature-you wil see him, a foreigner, who can scarcely speak English.

Strange Events Taking Place, "And now such strange things are happening, happening, while Harold is away. I hardly know how to ex-plain them or to tell you why I am frightened-but I am afraid, Lilian, horribly afraid."

As she spoke the carriage had turned into the drive, and a few moments later the lights of the great house came into sight. The hall looked cheerful enough as the door was thrown open and two or three man servants appeared to offer their services. One of them stood silently in the background, and his dark, evil face attracted Lilian's attention.
"Is that the man?" she whispered

to Eather.

"Yes," was the reply. "I tell you, Lilian, that I am afraid:" Lilian and Esther were unable to renew their conversation till after their arrival at the Towers, there was but time to dress before a gong announced that the meal was served. During dinner, owing to the presence of servants, they had to restrict their talk to common-place, Lilian noticed that the foreign man servant, he whose face had struck her as being so pecu-liarly evil, did not again put in an

appearance. Neither of the two women was hungry, and the meal was, there fore, a perfunctory one.

"I'd have ordered dinner in the morning room," Esther explained, herself conscious of the depressing atmosphere, "but Mrs. Borradale always insisted upon using the hall for the evening meal. It was a matter of sentiment with her, and spmehow, though she has gone, we have never abandoned the practice, You may imagine how lonely it was for me last night—sitting here all by myself. It's all right in summer, when the shutters can be kept open, and in the daytime the room is cheerful enough—but somehow have got to hate it at sight." om do the pictures repre

sent," asked Lilian, as the meal

The Borradale Gallery.

"They are Borradales-all of them. The pictures were brought here from Adderley when the family gave up living there. They are supposed to be very fine works of art, but I don't understand very much about pictures. I want you to notice them particularly-after dinner, Lilian, not now," Esther whispered the last words as if she feared being overheard by the servants. "There is something strange in connection with them." Aloud she continued in a careless Adderley-Harold's mother and Harold himself. The picture of Harold was painted just before I

knew him. Conversation after this followed the ordinary conventional lines. Lilian spoke of New York and anadopted two children. They were adopted two China. They was a proteges of Von Geldenstein, and he had asked her to look after them. She had decided that she was not justified in telling, even to Esther, the true story of the millionaire

d of her inheritance. "We will take coffee in my bou doir," said Esther, after the butler had set the dessert and wine upon the table. "You can take it up there in a quarter of an hour." As soon as the man had closed door behind him Esther

breathed a deep sigh and pushed back her chair. "At last," she cried, "we shall be at liberty to talk. I've been in such a state of impatience that I could hardly control myself. You must forgive me, Lillan, if I am nervous and excitable—not quite myself. Such citable-not quite myself. Such strange things are happening in this house. God knows I'm not superstitious. I never believed there were any ghosts even at Ad derley-I don't believe there is any-thing of the sort new-but all the same I can find no explanation for what is taking place.

Esther Pleads Forgiveness

"There was never anything about this house to frighten people-it hasn't even got a haunted roomyet the servants are leaving be cause they declare there is something wrong. Some of them say Mrs. Borradale is 'walking'-that is their expression. Oh, Lilian, 40 you think you can help me? I know it is not kind of me to bring you to such a place; but I have so much confidence in you, and you know so much about me and my wretched affairs-I really not help, myself. Will you forgive me and do your utmust?" Lilian did her best to comfort

her friend with cheerful words. It was all nonsense to talk of ghosts, she said; there was enough trouble among the living Borradales without thinking of interference from the dead. "Let's go to a more cheerful room," she said, "and sit before the

room," she said, "and sit before the fire, cosily, as we used to do, and you shall tell me all about it."
"Very well," said Esther wearily.
"But I want you to look at these pictures first." She took a lamp from the side table—it had a red shade, which deadened the light, and which Esther removed. Then she raised it so that Lilian could see one of the pictures. It was the portrait of a handsome man of the Jacobite period.

Jacobite period.
"It is of him that they tell the story of the Curse." said Esther.
"Look well at his face."
"He is handsome," said Lilian, "though his face is rather thin and his eyes hollow. He looks as if he had known trouble."

Placing a Resemblance. "Do you see any resemblance between him and Harold!" "None whatever."

"No. There is no resemblance. I'm sure-I'm certain there is no resemblance. But now come and look at the picture of Harold and his mother.' Esther led the way to the further

the juice which escapes while cut-ting and strain and reserve. Blanch

three to five minutes, cold dip and

pack in jar.

Cover with boiling syrup of me

dlum grade, made with one part

sugar to two parts water. The pine-apple juice contains 7 per cent of sugar, and when it has accumulated

in sufficient quantity it may be used boiling hot instead of syrup for a few jars, or it may be canned separately for use as a beverage. Pinapple canned for children is

wholesome put up in this way.

After packing the jar and filling spaces with hot liquid, put on rub-

ber and top. Adjust the top hall or screw top on with thumb and little

Sterflize thirty minutes in hot

water bath, or ten minutes at five to ten pounds' steam pressure. Re-

Fruit gelatine jelly cannot be made with raw pineaple, but can-

sed pineapple is suitable and will

give satisfactory results. You will

be glad to have some canned pine-apple in the house next winter. The

commission will gladly answer any

questions written on one side of the paper and sent in a self-address-ed stamped envelope.

CANNING

FRUIT SYRUPS

By LAURA BUFFUM.

Domestic Science Expert of the Na-

tional War Garden Commission. RUITS may be satisfactorily

young children might better have sugar omitted. The adult taste re-quires sweetened fruit, and less sugar is required if the fruit is

sweetened when canned. Sugar is added in syrup form when the prod-uct is canned, and permeates it well during the processing of ster-

fruits with sugar rather than to add sugar when using. In directions given, various grades of syrup are mentioned. These are in the following proper-

Thin One part sugar to four

Medium One part sugar to two parts water. Thick One part sugar to one

part water.

In making the syrup have the water builing, then add the sugar very gradually. Stir constantly, keeping the liquid builing until all

of the sugar is dissolved. A clear syrup, which rarely needs skim-ming, results if this method is

Thin syrups are used for all sweet

fruits, such as cherries, peaches and apples. Use medium syrups with sour fruits, such as strawber-

Thick syrup is suitable for pre-

serving, and especially sun-cooked preserves. Thin syrup is not sticky; medium syrup is sticky when cooled on spoon; thick syrup

when poured has a thickened ap-

Care should be taken while using

the syrups. The liquid should be added boiling hot to the filled jars, but between times, if allowed to continue boiling, it will change in quality, a thin syrup in small quantity, rapidly becoming thick. The

commission will be glad to answer any questions written on one side of the paper and sent in a self-addressed stamped envelope.

ries, gooseberries, apricota.

parts water

part water.

canned without sugar, and

those put up especially for

is more economical to can

move, complete seal, and cool,

end of the room, where the more modern pictures hung. "There is Harold," she said, hold-

ing up the lamp once more. "As I told you, the picture was taken of him just before I knew him, and when there was no handsomer man than he in America. Look at it now It is some devil's work." Lilian examined the picture care-

"Are you sure that it is Harold?"

she asked. "Sure? Why, I have known the picture ever since I have known Harold. It was just like him-the blue, honest eyes, the full face, the Just as he used to be. And look

at it now!"

It seemed, indeed, that some subtle change had been wrought in the picture. The face was thinner, the eyes more deeply set, and the shoulders sloped. It was Harold, and yet it was pot Harold. It bore a suggestion of a likeness to the other picture, vague, indefin-shle, but atill noticeable. Further, it suggested another likeness to Lilian's mind.

"Esther," she said, in an awed voice, "It is like the other Borra-dales—those of Addersey. There was a strong resemblance between

Harold was different but now Isee that he must have been like is brothers. This portrait proves

cried Lilian excitedly. "I tell you it was never like this. It was Har-old—the Harold I loved—till a few days ago. This picture was once such a comfort to me, Lilian; I used often and often to come and look at when I wished to be reminded of it when I wished to be reminded of Harold as he was. But they won't even allow me that solace—they must disfigure it and make it hate-ful. Oh, why do they do it—why." "They?" queried Lilian. "Whom "O you mean?" replied Esther in "I don't know," replied Esther in whisher. "but there must be

whisper, "but there must be nebody behind all this. Harold cannot be altering these pictures himself. Benides, the change has been coming on since he last went

"Have you not watched."

"I dare not." Esther's voice was low and frightened. "I am a wo-man, and alone. There was no one to whom I could speak and the servants had begun to whisper among themselves of something un-natural going on in the house. I don't know if they have noticed the picture yet; they never defined their fears very definitely, even when they gave warning. I tried to take Mrs. Meredith into my confidence; she knew about the servants, and had been getting nervous. I could see it. What did she do? Deserted see it. What did she do? Desorted me immediately"—Esther spoke bit-terly—"left me to face these terrors alone. It was cruel of her—cruel." "I might have noticed these pic-tures at your wedding, Esther," she said. "It is strange I did not do so. By the bye, what ring is that on Harold's singer."

belonged to her husband. She gave it to Harold, and he always were it upon his little finger." (To Be Continued Tomorrow) (Copyright by W. R. Hearpt.)

on Harold's finger?" "It was his mother's. I think it

# The Wolves of New York White Waist, Skirt and Sleeveless Sweater The Child Who's Neat

Republished by Special Permission Good Housekeeping, the Nation's Greatest Home Magazine.



THE sleeveless sweater has made a warm place for itself in every heart, and, of course, if you haven't one, you want one like this in blue, tan, or rose Shetland wool. To the left is an imported waist of fine white organdy. The frilled collar and cuffs add the last touch of summery charm. A black velvet bow and buttons trim it. To the right is a pretty little sleeveless sweater, which comes in buff, robin'segg blue or corn color, finished with purling.

## Color Blindness

HOW IT MAY BE RECOGNIZED.

By Brice Belden, M. D. 1

D Y color blindness is meant inability to distinguish differences of color. It is usually partial, and seldom complete. The world is truly gray to the few who have suffered from total color blindness.

Color blindness is often hereditary, and the subjects of it are born with the defect, as a rule.

It is possible to acquire color blindness as the result of disease of the optic nerve due to the excessive use of tobacco and alcohol, These nerve poisons, when abused, set up a neuritis of the optic nerve. with subsequent wasting of the nerve fibers. This, of course, lessens the visual power in more ways than

A peculiar fact in connection with color blindness due to alcohol and tobacco is that colors may be dis-tinguished close to the eye, but when farther removed green and red cannot be distinguished. Con-sequently one must be careful in testing for color blindness due to such causes not to hold the colors too close to the eyes.
Color blindness sometimes fol-lows an injury of the head. In such

cases it is common to find that color erception is deranged in one-half

COLD PACK METHOD IN 12 SHORT STEPS



To fill jars with vegetables or fruits, after blanching and cold dipping, a fruit funnel is useful, says the National War Garden Commis sion. The process is shown above. Watch for step No. 6. Send a twocent stamp to Commission at Washington for a free primes

the field of vision and normal in the other half.

Partial color bilindness exists in one out of every twenty-five males and in one out of every 100 females. The bilindness is generally

for red and green.

Where there is blindness to red
and green these colors do not appear as absolutely black, but they cannot be distinguished from each other or from gray and brown. Sometimes the brightest red cannot be distinguished from green

Since the colors to which so many people are blind are much used in connection with railroad and maritime signaling it can readily be seen how important it is to deter-mine the visual condition in applicants for employment in such work The test most commonly employed is known as the Holmgren is known as the Holmgren test. The person tested is given a skein of wool of a light colored pink. He then selects from a mass of skeins those which seems to him to match the light pink skein. If there is color blindness the grays, there is color blindness the grays, and the proper and reds will greens, pinks, brown, and reds will be confused. The initial result of the test is confirmed by giving him a light green skein to match in the same manner. Of course, it goes without saying

that the one who makes the test for color blindness must not himself be color blind.

Wouldn't Lose Both.

Two Kilties were resting behind the lines. Jock was stonybroke, and Sandy had only sixpence left. Jock was gifted with an out-sized thirst, and begged Sandy to lend him the sixpence. "Nae, nae," said Sandy, "I'm toe

fond of ye, Jock." "What's that go to do with it?" "If I lent ye the sixpence ye'd no pay it back, and then you and me'd

'ave a row, an' I should lose your friendship," explained Sandy. "If ye don't lend me the mon ye'll lose me friendship now," growled Jock. "Yee," said Sandy gently; "but I shall have me tanner"

She Did.

One of the quarrels which had followed the first was in progress. "Didn't some idiot propose to you before our marriage?" said the man, nastily. "Certainly!" said the woman, with

cy calm. Then you ought to have mar

tied him?" snapped the man, think-ing he had triumphed. "I did," said the woman. Then the man remembered he had his train to catch,

And the young wife realized when it was too late how much her negligent mother was to blame. Her mother was big and fat and goodnatured. Every night when the youngsters were "tucked in" she made the rounds picking up their clothes from the foor. These she heared into an the floor. These she heaped into an ignominious pile on an unoffending Every morning before school time there was a search for belongings. The children bickered and quarreled over their belongings, and the indulgent

By LORETTA C. LYNCH.

Uf only my mother had taught me

tidiness my life might not be the

broken thing it is," sighed a disheart-

ened woman, "And yet, when I look

And for the story? It went some

married a fine young man. She had

a lovely little home with everything

nice and new and shining in it-at

the mother when her boy returned to

"Her slovenliness, her lack of tidi-

ness about the house grew and grew

during those two years until I could

It pained this well-trained boy to see

the furnishings of the little home he atrove so hard to get neglected until

"What was the matter, son?" asked

back I scarcely blame him."

She came of a large family.

thing like this:

his former home.

stand it no longer."

they looked abused.

#### Puss in Boots, Jr. An Entertaining Good Night Series for Young and Old.

story that the little Blue Bird hat just sat down for breakfast with the Gnome King. Well, in less time than I can take to tell it, several nimble little men of the forest placed grains of wheat and a goblet of golden fruit-wine on the table, and after she had eaten it took her but a few moments to tell him all

"Come, let us hasten," he said, and "Come, let us hasten," he said, and spilling into his pocket his magic pipe and little piece of soap, he left the cave and walked rapidly towards a small clearing. Leaning over a pool in the hollow of the grassy earth, he filled his pipe, rubbed the soap about the rim, and in a moment more blew a large soap bubble.

Then taking the little Blue Bird in his hand, he opened a small door and

his hand, he opened a small door and entered the magic soap bubble. Up and up it went, until it was well above the tops of the trees. Then it turned towards the east where he rising sun was gilding the sky with its golden

fingers.

Faster and faster it sailed, overand her three ladies-in-waiting, mount-ed on their friendly robins. In the distance could be seen the turrets of the castle, gleaming in the morning

"Now, little Blue Bird," said the Gnome, opening the little door of the big soap bubble as it hovered above the castle, "fly down and tell Puss that help is near. Also tell the beau-tiful princess, who I see is still asleep at her window." Off flew the Blue Bird on her happy errand. "Your Majesty," cried the Gnome to the Fairy Queen, as she drew rein at the doorway of the magic soap bubble, "I would suggest that you touch the cage, which imprisons Puss Junior, with your magic ring. And while he still has the form of a cockatoo, tell him to fly up to the topmost branch of the plue tree.
Also tell the Frince, while he is still a game cock, to do likewise.
"Then after I have brought the

bubble close to the window ledge so that the beautiful princess may step inside, I will cause it to rise to the treetop, so that we can rescue Puss and the Prince."

"But what to do with the Pine Tree Giant," added Gnome, scratch-ing his beard reflectively, "gets me! However, one thing at a time," as my old grandfather used to say when I was a boy, 'one thing at a time!"

As the little Blue Bird whispered in the ear of the beautiful Princess, the magic soap bubble came close to the window sill. Although very much startled, she obeyed the Blue Bird, and stepped softly into the bubble. It then rose to the topmost branch of the pine tree, where the game rooster sat on one side and the cockatoo on the other. As they hopped into the Lubble,

the Fairy Queen touched them with her magic ring, and at once they regained their natural forms. Then the Princess threw her arms around her dear brother, while Puss thanked the Gnome

King again and again for coming to their rescue. Copyright, 1918, David Cory.

### Advice to the Lovelorn By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Dear Miss Fairfax:

I have been engaged to a young man for some time. Long ago another young man whom I had only thought of as a friend asked me to marry him, I refused, and he went on as though nothing had happened. He has enlisted in the army and is now in active service. When he first went away he wrote me, and I, thinking it was right that I should answer, wrote him. We are corresponding now, and every letter I get from him he speaks of waiting for him and of the time when he comes back and we can be married. A. B.

I think it would have been well had you told him in your very first letter that you were engaged; since you did not, surely you owe it to this soldier to be honest with him. Not honest in a brutal, ugly, cruel way but honest with a fine simplicity that will do much to make him respect you, and that won't give him a feeling of heartand friendlessness over in

How Do You Stand? Dear Miss Fairfax:

A and B are both in love with me and they would both make good husbands, B making the better, being more generous and considerat- of others.

A is still in the United States, while B has been in foreign service for a long time.
I like A better than B, but will

not see B till the war is ever. have not given either one any defi-nite answer, but have promised to give B a fair chance to win me, A and B know nothing about each other. Do you think I ought let them know how they stand?

You need more than a "good husband"; you need a real mate—a man you can love. You talk about liking and discuss which of these

ever thought what you have to give to A or B? Of course, you need not make a decision at any particular moment, but you have no right to encourage either man to the point of bitterness and disappointment when you choose the other. Are you sure you want to choose either?

Not Too Old at Seventy.

This war is not being fought by "young Napoleons." With scarcely an exception, the leaders are vet erans. Clemenceau is soventy-seven; mindenburg is over seventy; Poch is sixty-seven; President Wilson and Petain are both sixty-two, and admiral Sims is aixty. The foregoing are run close by the Kaiser, who is fifty-nine; General Pershing, fiftyeight; Sir Douglas Haig, fifty-seven General Diaz (Italy's army chief), fifty-seven; Lloyd George, fifty-five, and Von Ludendorff, fiftythree.

The Advance Guard. The Puddleton Railway Company,

hearing that trains were being run more slowly to save wear and tear on the rails, adopted the idea. One day, in consequence, a stranger walted for the train at Little Puddleton for over three hours. At last he said to the porternaster-cum-ticket collector 'Isn't this beastly train ever com-

ing, man?"
The official sighed and then stared down the track. Suddenly his face brightened as a fat terrier waddled into sight.

"Ah, yes, sir. It'll be getting very near now," he said cheerfully. comes the engine driver's dog."

Most Unusual.

Two business men were discus-sing their partner during his abaence from the office "A funny chap, Rattlepate," said

"How's that?" asked the other meet the prettiest girl in the world during his holidaya."

ing Your Boys and Girls the Value of Tidiness .

The comb and brush? Half as hour's search through every room in the house was actually made before it could be located.

Toweis! The youngsters all dries on the same one when it could be found, and when an eccema broke out on one's face, by the "will of Previous one of the previous of the prev

mother compromised by letting them wear one another's clothing.
The comb and brush? Half as

The older girls helped about the house. They used to wash the dishes and set the table. But the mother was big, and fet, and goodnatured, and—what difference did it make whether the tabledoth was dirty or clean—what difference did it make how the dishes were thrown on the table—"it's just for ourselves," she would excuse.

Cleanliness, neatness, a tidy pur-sonal appearance the children were taught fo reserve for Sundays, "when people could see them." But alas! there had not been enough Sundays in the life of this young woman to make tidy appearance a fixed habit.

fixed habit.

Married life offered any number of possibilities to induige her sint-ternly habits. Never having been taught to think ahead or arise early, the last moment found this young bride slipping into an ill-fitting kimono and impossible slippers and "cooking at" a makeshift breakfast.

breakfast. Of course, there was never a towel in the bathroom, and the poor husband had to rake through a quantity of soiled linen to find one that he had used some moons be-

She had the "good enough for us" idea even when the husband had asked her on several occasions why he always ate from a dirty

Sometimes it's the other way. A boy brought up in a home where instruction in neatness and tidiness is considered cruelty to children picks as a life's partner a very tidy girl, and the lack of tidiness on the part of the husband is a very

aore spot in the domestic fabric.

A reader, recognizing her lack of early training in this respect, writes and asks me what she is going to do about it now. She said "lest I perish in my own flith, in my pretty home, tell me what to do."

A newspaper article recently came to my notice in which a temperamental novellst decries the present day fad of efficiency in the home. And yet I can see no other way to help the woman who confesses her lack of early training in tidiness and good housekeeping than to advise her to simplify her housekeeping and then write out a plan by which she will perform thoroughly a particular task at a set time each day for a long, long

If you have not been taught tidl-If you have not been taught tidiness at home do not be discouraged, it is not easy to form new habits in maturity, but certainly it is not impossible. Go slowly at first. Chantise yourself regularly for every shortcoming in this direction. If you find in the morning that you have just stepped out of your ciothes and into bed, pick up and press those ill-treated clothes and then make yourself purchase a Thrift Stamp, shall I say for punishment? And to the mothers of today who are training the grown-ups of toare training the grown-ups of morrow, let me say that while it may cause you considerable extra trouble to inculcate neatness and tidiness in your little charges, not only they, but the community as well, will thank you in the years to

#### HOW TO SAVE ON SUGAR

BARLEY FLOUR CAKE.

Honey, 2-3 cup; sour milk, 1-3 cup; egg, beaten, 1; barley, 1% cups: rice flour, 1-3 cup; baking powder, 1 tenspoen; sødn, 1/4 tenspoon; salt, ½ tenspoon; fat, melted, ¼ cup; vanilla. Combine the ingredients in the

order given, sifting together the dry ingredients. Bake the cake in a rather shallow pan in a moderate oven, thirty to thirty-five minutes. BARLEY AND POTATO FLOUR GINGERBREAD

Potato flour, 1 cup minus 1 tablespoon; barley flour, 1% cups; moasses, I cup; boiling water, 1/2 cup; fat, 3 tablespoons; salt, ½ teaspo spoons. Melt fat by adding boiling water to it; add molasses, sift to-gether the dry ingredients. Add liquid ingredients gradually. Beat vigorously. Pour into greased shal-low pans. Bake in a moderate over about twenty-five minutes. Yield, 3 cakes, 4x6 inches. BARLEY AND OATMEAL COOKIES

Barley flour, 1% cups; rolled cats, 2 cups; sugar, brown, % cup; hard-ened vegetable fat, maited before measuring, 1/2 cup; raisins, seeded and cut into halves, 1/4 cup; baking powder, 2½ tenspoons; corn syrup, dark, ½ cup; milk, ½ cup; cinna-mon, % tenspoon; ginger, ½ tenspoon; cloves, ½ teaspoon; nutmeg, ¼ teaspoon; sait, ½ teaspoon. Sift together the flour, sait, spices and baking powder; add raisins and out-To corn syrup and melted fat add milk and brown sugar. Add fat and mist and provide page in-liquid mixture gradually to dry in-gredients. Stir well. Drop by small teaspoonsful on greased baking sheet. Bake fifteen minutes in a moderate oven. Yield, 50 cookies.

Who He Was "Wi'."

It happened in Edinburgh. A small boy in full Highland pressed his face to the glass of a sweetshop. A facetious tourist touched him on the shoulder, and, smiling down at him, said genially:

MacGregor"
"Naw," the hoy replied pitying shaking the hand from his should."
"A'm wf ma mither."